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RESERVATIONS.

In the romance of the Abbot, the ex-superior of the monastery of Kennauhair, a man represented by the author as possessing high talents and many noble features of character, gains admission to the Castle of Lochleven in the disguise of a common soldier, with the view of aiding in the escape of Queen Mary. In the presence of Mary, he is examined by the lady of Lochleven, one of whose first questions put to him is, "You hold, undoubtedly, the *true faith*?" "Do not doubt of it, madam," was the answer. On another query being put to him, touching his willingness to perform his new duties, the stranger replies, "In the cause of the *lady* before whom I stand, I fear nothing." The querist and respondent here referred to very different churches and ladies, and Queen Mary afterwards spoke admiringly of the address shown in the conversation. "Marked you not," said she to her private attendants, "how astutely the good father eluded the questions of the woman Lochleven, telling her the very truth, which yet she received not as such!"

Though the author put these reported evasions into the mouth of one of his most estimable characters, he was fully aware that they did much less honour to the good father's probity than to his address, and he makes the ingenuous youth Roland Gräme utter the reflection, that "the truth, when spoken for the purpose of deceiving, was little better than a lie in disguise." This will be generally acknowledged as a just comment upon the supposed occurrence.

We adduce the passage from the novel as a well-conceived case of a kind of false-speaking only too common in the world. An individual is under the influence of a particular set of ideas, which are well known to his neighbours. A second individual, perfectly aware of these ideas, and how the first individual will interpret particular terms used by him, uses terms which, while perfectly true as to himself and many other persons, are utterly false as to the person addressed, because they are by him received in a different sense, and therefore have the effect of misleading. Here it is of not the least consequence that the words would not be false to others: if they are false to the person addressed, and if the speaker knows they will be so, he unquestionably utters the same thing as a lie. His consciousness of the prepossessions of the first individual calls upon him either to give explanations suitable to the case, or to use language which has the same meaning with both parties: by no other means can he, in that case, act the part of an honest man. The intention and the effect being so clearly bad, what does it matter for the particular expedient employed?

An unfortunate English monarch, under the pressure of great difficulties arising from variances with his subjects, resorted to the plan of "reservations" as a means of escape. The Commons brought before him a bill of rights, seeking to define the ancient laws by which the liberties of the people were supposed to be established. The king endeavoured to appease them and evade the bill, by giving them his solemn word that he would rule according to the laws of the realm, having all the time his own interpretation of what these laws prescribed, while he knew that his subjects regarded them in a different light. As often happens, no one was deceived but the unhappy man who thought to be the deceiver: the only result was, that he so far lost the respect and confidence of his people. Afterwards, when quarrels took place respecting ecclesiastical arrangements, he repeatedly endeavoured to disarm his opponents by promising to

settle every thing as it was by law established, by which he expected they would suppose him to mean their own forms, which had received an imperfect legal sanction, while in reality he referred to forms totally different, and, indeed, those very forms against which they were contending. As his difficulties increased, he resorted to more and more deceptions practices of the same kind, and even on one occasion deceived two parties at once in different negotiations. But what was the result? Let the bloody scaffold of Whitehall relate it. The life of Charles I. would never have been taken as it was, if he had not, by his mental reservations, impressed a general conviction that he could hold faith with no opponent, but would turn upon such opponents and rend them, the moment that they, upon however strict a bargain, had released him from restraint.

It is obviously quite as bad to allow expressions not meant to deceive to be taken up or understood in a wrong sense by another party, as it is to use particular expressions with the intention of deceiving. Bishop Burnet justly mentions it as a point of character highly creditable to a nobleman of the time of the civil war, that he would never allow his words to be accepted or interpreted otherwise than as he meant them. It must often happen that expressions accidentally let fall, are taken up by another party in such a sense as to seem wise, or kind, or witty, or something else reflecting credit on the sayer of them; no truly conscientious person would fail in such circumstances to explain that he did not mean them in that light, for, otherwise, he would be profiting by a praise that did not justly belong to him. Suppose that King Charles, instead of attempting to deceive his subjects, had only allowed them to deceive themselves by putting a certain favourable construction on what he said, different from what he meant, it is clear that his criminality would have been exactly the same as it really was. On the other hand, the petitioning party might have taken up his expressions in a light more favourable than he meant, with a secret design to interpret them afterwards in a wide sense useful to their own views: in that case, equally, the act would have been perfidious. It is not uncommon, in controversial writings, to see charges brought against individuals, which, with the greater part of the public, will have the effect of fixing a criminatory stigma, but which are, nevertheless, so artfully worded, that, if challenged, they may be explained away as meaning something different. These, it is needless to remark, differ only from open false charges, in their being presented in a cowardly manner. It is like the paltry expedient of the Delphic oracle, which would take advantage of even a grammatical peculiarity in its native language to ensure that what it said on any case would harmonise with the event. Looseness of language is the ordinary resource of mental reservers. If they can find a term sufficiently vague to have the appearance of including what they mentally exclude, and thus can deceive the enemy, they conceive themselves to have gained their end in a very happy manner. Alas! what greater rationality is there in such conduct of human beings than in that of the poor animal which hides its head in the sand, and then believes itself to be completely concealed from its pursuers!

There is another kind of mental reservation, which consists in telling only a part of the truth, notwithstanding that the concealment of the remainder is sure to have the effect of deceiving. It is to be feared there are few persons who, when a variance has taken place with a neighbour, are sufficiently candid to give a fair recital of the circumstances. Usually, they

mentally bury or reserve whatever may tell for the opposite party. They may have a certain glimmering consciousness of the views and interests upon which the opposite party proceeded; but not only do they keep every trace of these out of their recital, but they do not even allow the consciousness of them to be a living thing in their own secret bosoms, trampling it down on all occasions when it seeks to raise its "still small voice." It is curious to see such a person labouring to convey his view of a case, sensible, perhaps, that it does not tell in a natural way, but struggling desperately, nevertheless, to make the hearer believe it, when, probably, the mention of one simple circumstance, which he pertinaciously chooses to conceal, would make all clear in an instant, and save him all this voluntarily imposed trouble. Hence the almost magical effect in clearing up a legal dispute, from hearing the explanation of an opposite party. The one little fact which was wanting to give the appearance of ordinary human motives to the conduct of the defendant is then supplied, and that instantly looks natural and plain, which lately seemed like something not of this world. If we look closely into the bickerings and disputes that are constantly taking place around us, whether of a public or private nature, we shall find that the principle of mental reservations supplies a key to most of them. Some little reservation of the truth, on one or both sides, is usually at the bottom of the whole mischief. Neither party may move openly in the face of justice, or support his cause by direct falsifications of the truth. There is merely, for the most part, a trifling misunderstanding, founded originally on a partial suppression of facts in some quarter or another, which gives a colour and countenance to the view taken by each. Once committed to a particular line of offence or defence, the parties are apt to go on, until it is impossible to confess the error without disgrace; and ruin, to one or to many, thus becomes, not unfrequently, the ultimate result.

It often happens that an individual possesses many estimable qualifications, suiting him for a particular office or situation, but possesses also one qualification so extremely objectionable, as in itself to unfit him for the proposed function. He may, for example, possess all the requisites of a good schoolmaster, except temper; or he may be qualified for the superintendence of a factory in all respects, except that of being a good accountant. It is too common, we fear, in giving certificates of character to candidates for situations, to *reserve* the one objectionable peculiarity, while all the good qualifications are fully insisted on. It may be said that here no falsehood is told: certainly, this is true affirmatively. But is there not a negative falsification! Does not the writer of such a certificate leave it to be presumed that the candidate is entirely qualified, when he is only partially so, or rather positively, though by but one peculiarity, disqualified? If, upon the strength of such certificates, the candidate obtain the situation, his constituents will unquestionably find themselves deceived. It may be said, these constituents had it in their power to make further inquiries of a different kind, so as to find out the disqualifying circumstance. This might or might not be; the writer of the certificate was not certain that such inquiries would be made. He at least runs the chance of deceiving by his positive evidence, seeing that perhaps none of another nature may be sought for. We would say, then, that any one called on to write a certificate as to the qualifications of another, from the condition of a common servant upwards, is bound, if he give a certificate at all, not to conceal circumstances which he conscientiously believes to be of a disqualifying nature.

To all mental reservations, indeed, one very simple rule applies. We are not to ask ourselves, Is what I say capable of being made to appear true, or true as far as it goes? We are bound to say that which we believe does not deceive our neighbour.

STORY OF A BEAR HUNT IN THE PYRENEES.

At the distance of a league from Bagneres de Luchon, on the declivity of the hill, stands a small building, called the hospital, which serves as a halt or station for travellers journeying to Spain. In October 18—, a little higher up than the hospital, a small, temporary-looking hut was to be seen, supported and sheltered by a huge rock. It was covered with branches and dry leaves, and built with loose rough stones, constituting a rude but welcome refuge for the highland hunters. It was but the habitation of a day, being regularly destroyed and carried off by every winter's storm. The approaches of autumn are terrible in the Pyrenees; and at the time mentioned, a fearful storm was bursting over the mountain. It was evening; every object was buried in darkness; but through the chinks of the door of the hut, darted at times a few glimpses of light. This door was also occasionally opened; a man's head would then appear through the lightened aperture, and be immediately withdrawn. The appearance of the inside was rather picturesque. In the middle of the hut, on a roughly-made table, were promiscuously placed a large basin of milk, some smoked bacon, a piece of goat's cheese, and some maize-bread; on the right was an opening made in the rock, which served as a chimney. In this chimney lay, almost in one blaze of fire, the best part of a tree, with its branches and leaves, which brightly illuminated the centre of the hut, and glittered on the long polished barrels of the rifles, placed upright against the opposite wall. Before the fire, a deer's haunch was comfortably roasting; and around were stretched five highland hunters, with their caps of brown worsted, their knee-breeches of coarse brown cloth, and their long grey stockings. They had fled to the hut to save themselves from the storm, and were now awaiting the supper which was preparing. At the farthest extremity sat, reading attentively, by the light of a wick saturated with resin, a man who appeared not to be dressed like the rest of the hunters; his occupation, the expression of his countenance, and the respectful distance preserved towards him by the highlanders, sufficiently testified his superiority over them. At the other side was suspended the open and reeking carcass of a deer recently killed.

The crackling of the roasting meat, the hissing of the snow as it fell on the inflamed wood, the loud rumbling sounds of the frequent thunder-claps, repeated and increased by the echoes of the mountain, alone interrupted the silence which prevailed in the hut. There seemed some weight on the minds of the men; but at length one of them spoke aloud. "So, Janote, it was by the same bear which killed one of our friends before, that Baptiste was worried yesterday?" "Yes." "I shall kill him, Janote, or die; where was he seen yesterday?" "Near the glacier of La Maladetta." "I will go to-morrow morning, and encounter him; it shall not be said that this black skin has frightened us all, like a herd of chamois." "Peter," said Janote, "the snow has fallen for these two days, the hill is very dangerous, and Baptiste was surprised by the bear merely in consequence of his being caught by the cold; you had better not go to-morrow." "I shall go!" was the answer.

A gloomy pause now took place, after which the man seated at the extremity of the hut rose and came close to Peter. "Peter," said he, "how many children have you?" "Five." "You shall not go to-morrow." "But"— "You shall not go!" These words were pronounced with so much authority, that Peter held down his head and remained silent. "Well then," said another, "I shall have the shot, for I have neither wife nor children." "Friend," replied the man, "who lives at the village, in the smith's house?" "My mother." "You shall not go." "But," rejoined Peter, "now that we have found out the villain's den, we ought to take advantage of the discovery." "He shall be killed!" "And by whom?" "By whom?" "By myself, my friends." "You! reverend sir!" they all exclaimed. "Yes, my friends; by myself. I am but a peasant, a highlander, like yourselves. I spent twenty years among the rocks of Catalonia before becoming a minister of God; and the man you now name in the village the Reverend Curate Riego, was once called Riego the Bear-hunter."

As he pronounced these words, the clergyman's countenance was animated with a singular expression of courage and energy. "I had come to the hill," continued he, "to admire the storm; Heaven, no doubt, has directed me to this hut to hear your regrets; and although I have not touched a rifle for fifteen years"— "Fifteen years!" said Peter. "Yes, my friends; for blood, even an insect's blood, should never stain the hands of a minister of God; but what I intend to do to-morrow is merely to destroy what is hurtful and dangerous; and as I have neither children, wife, nor mother, I shall go, and fear not

but I shall kill the beast." "Be careful, M. Riego," said Janote. "Fear not, my friend, I shall remember the days of my youth."

A young man, about twenty-two years of age, called Stephano, then approached the priest, and said to him, "But I, brother, shall I not go with you?" "You, Stephano?" replied the curate. "My mother's son!—no; you shall not come." "We shall all follow you together!" cried the hunters. "I do not want you, my friends; and, as the night is advancing, you had better take your supper, and go to rest."

Young Stephano did not repeat his request to his brother. The hunters instantly began their meal; for there was in M. Riego's voice an irresistible accent of command.

Half an hour afterwards, each man began to settle himself in some corner of the hut, wrapped up in a sheep or goat's skin; Stephano stretched himself nearest to the door; and very soon all was silence.

At the first dawn of day, Riego, fearing the hunters would insist on accompanying him, gently got up, and choosing one of the rifles, stepped out without being heard. He had put on a dress borrowed from one of the highlanders. On his head he wore the small, flat, blue beret; over his legs, the long leather gaiters usually worn by these hardy mountaineers; round his waist, a strong scarlet belt, in which he placed a knife, the thick, sharp blade of which was eight or nine inches long. He was not the same man. His step was at all times firm and erect, but slow; on this day, however, his energy amounted even to impatience. As soon as he was out of the hut, he examined the rifle with all the scrupulous attention of an experienced hunter; tried the lock, burnt some of the powder to ascertain its quality and dryness, loaded carefully with three balls, and was just starting, when, at ten yards before him, he perceived his young brother Stephano, ready equipped as a hunter. "What are you doing there?" said he. "I am waiting for you, brother." "Why?" "Because I want to go with you; and I must go." The curate answered not till after a moment's reflection—"Well, let it be so. Is your rifle loaded?" "Yes, brother." "Here are twelve balls, then, take them, and let us go."

The brothers started on their perilous adventure. After an hour's march, they passed the short rocky defile which separates France from Spain; and while threading its recesses, Riego would ever and anon raise his rifle to his shoulder, following steadily the course of some eagle, which was already abroad in the keen, clear morning air. But he fired not; for he deemed that there was no call upon him to shed any blood but that of the grizzly bear. At the termination of the defile, they found themselves in front of La Maladetta (*the accused*), the finest glacier of the Pyrenees, but the most dangerous, also, as its name implies. When the glacier appeared, here a mass of glittering ice, and there deadened in hue by flakes of dun snow, Riego felt the enthusiasm of former days return upon him, and he could not help exclaiming joyfully, "The snow! the hills!" Turning to Stephano, the priest then exclaimed, "If Janote be right, the bear must be in that fir-wood to the left. We must climb the Maladetta, Stephano. Have you the iron-hooks and the ropes?" "Yes, brother." "Come, then, get ready," said Riego.

In a few minutes, they had buckled the iron hooks to their hands, and had united their bodies by a rope about eight feet long, the purpose of which was, that one of them might sustain the other, in case of a slip.

Thus secured, the brothers resumed their route. For half an hour, they toiled silently up the precarious ascent, and were near the place of their destination, when, all at once, the ice gave way beneath Stephano's feet, and he sank downwards into a deep crevice. Dragged back by his companion's weight, the priest slid rapidly to the very edge of the same gulf; a second more, and he also would have been over! Both must have perished; but, gathering his whole strength, Riego dashed his iron grasper into the ice with such force, that he stopped suddenly. To loosen one of his hands, and turn the rope round his arm for the purpose of shortening it, was the work of an instant. He then exerted his strength in raising Stephano. Soon the young man's hands could grasp the edge of the hole; by and bye his whole chest appeared. "Courage! courage!" cried Riego, putting forth his whole powers upon a final effort, which, being aided by the youth's pressure on his own elbows, was successful. Stephano was freed from his danger; but he fell almost in a fainting state upon the snow. A mouthful of spirits, from the small store of provisions which the hunters had brought with them, restored Stephano to the power of motion; and the priest said to him in a cheerful voice, "Courage, brother!—you are all right again; let us move on!" Stephano replied, "Yes, brother," and resumed the march; but a great change had come over the young man. The narrow escape which he had made had overthrown his resolution. He walked on, pale, tottering, and exhausted—a different being, altogether, from what he had been a few moments before. Riego, who moved foremost, was too much occupied with the outlook for the bear, and with the difficulties of the path, to be fully sensible how much his brother was changed by the late accident. The bear was not to be seen at Maladetta when they reached it. The hunters then turned into the Spanish Pyrenees, which they entered by La Pileada. Scarcely had they gone a few yards in this direction, when Riego stopped short, and, without turning round, made

a sign to his companion to stand still also. The priest then laid his ear to the ground, and heard a low growling sound, which he immediately pronounced to be the snarl of the bear. "He is not far off," said Riego, in a whisper. "Let us mount this platform, and we are sure to see him. Follow me." The brothers ascended the platform in question by a narrow ridge, flanked on the right and left by a steep precipice. On the side opposite to where the hunters were, there was another precipitous pass. Having completed the ascent, the brothers looked round, and in a few moments saw an enormous bear, moving slowly down the dry rocky bed of a torrent. "Here he is!" cried the curate. "Stephano! make ready; he will immediately pass the corner before us, close to that fir-tree; fire at him there. Mark for the left shoulder—a little behind it! If you miss him, I will then shoot!" Just as Riego concluded his directions, the bear came to the point mentioned. "Now, Stephano!" cried the curate. The young man fired; but whether from agitation, or the distance, he missed the animal, as appeared from the splinters of ice broken off by the side of the brute, which at once turned round, saw the hunters, and advanced towards them. He was at first little more than twenty yards distant, but fortunately the path took some turns, which made the space to be passed greater. At a favourable instant, calmly and steadily raising his gun, Riego fired. The brute, however, chanced to slip aside at the moment, and of the three balls, one only struck him in the flank. A terrific growl was the only reply to the shot, which was totally ineffective in retarding his course. "Some balls!" said Riego quietly, without turning his eye from the bear. Stephano spoke not. "Balls, Stephano!—in three minutes he will be upon us!" The young man had been feeling his pouch. "We are lost!" cried he, with a groan of despair; "the bag has been buried in the snow at Maladetta!"

The growls of the bear became more and more vivid. "We have no balls!" repeated the young man in tones of agony; "let us fly!—oh, let us fly, brother!" "Fly!" said the priest; "no—we cannot! In twenty seconds the monster would be up with us, were we to go down hill!" "Oh, blessed Virgin!" cried Stephano, falling on his knees in desperation.

"Come, no faint-heartedness, brother!" exclaimed the priest, speaking very quickly, but in his usual intrepid tones; "there is one resource. Show me your knife!—yes, it is long and sharp. Mark me!—in one minute the bear will be on this platform! I will walk up to him—he will rush on me. I will hold him tight; and do you stab him till he drops, in the left side, Stephano!"

"Yes, brother," was the young man's reply.

"Now, he comes!" cried the undaunted priest; "no unsteadiness, Stephano! Strike hard and true! Ha! the bears have felt Riego before now, and they shall not conquer me yet!"

The priest seemed almost happy in his fearlessness. But, alas! deplorably different was the condition of the poor young brother. The bear appeared. "To work! to work, Stephano!" cried the priest, as he stepped forward with open arms. The monster, rising on its hind legs, seized Riego with a suffocating grasp. A terrible struggle began between them. "Help, brother, help!" cried the priest in a voice of thunder. Alas! Stephano had lost all presence of mind. His legs shook under him; a film passed over his eyes; he could neither advance nor retreat. The agonies of helpless terror were upon him.

"Strike, brother, strike!" cried the priest in weaker tones. The bear howled in a terrific manner, its hideous head projected over the curate's shoulder, its eyes red as fire, and its paws tearing Riego's back, while they at the same time crushed him between them. The struggle had lasted a few seconds. Stephano, wild, insane almost, could not stir. "Help me, brother! save me!" cried the priest, his voice failing. At this last call, the young man seemed partly to recover his powers of action. He ran forward, and struck his knife against the side of the monster. But the blow came from a hand too unsteady to do any execution. The knife scarcely scratched the skin. The failure, and the near spectacle of the brute's open mouth and fierce eyes, overthrew Stephano's resolution utterly, and, dropping the knife from his nerveless grasp, he turned and fled from the spot.

"Brother! brother!" cried Riego in a choked voice, but Stephano was away. Alone with his enemy, the priest tried to draw his own knife from his belt, but the brute held him too tight. Gathering vigour from despair, the priest resolved that, if he perished, the monster should perish with him, and, step by step, he pushed the bear to the edge of the precipice. At this very instant a powerful voice was heard from above the platform, exclaiming, "Courage! courage!" and a man bounded down the rocks with fearful rapidity. But it was too late! The priest and his grizzly foe had reached the brink of the abyss; the bear's feet slipped, and both of them rolled down the steep locked in that mortal embrace. The eyes of the new comer could not follow them into the gulf.

The day following that on which this scene took place, was the epoch of a festival in the village of which Riego was curate. The people were assembled in their public room, and the generous daring of their pastor was the theme of every tongue. They lamented him deeply—for this much they had learned from Stephano, that the priest had perished in encountering

the bear. The young man, however, would tell no more; he kept a moody silence, and the people ascribed it to sorrow for the loss of a brother whom he was known to respect and love deeply. Things stood thus, when a young peasant from a neighbouring village entered the public room. He was the man who had witnessed Riego's fall, and he had also witnessed Stephano's flight and desertion. He told his tale, and in an instant cries of indignation burst from every tongue. "Away with him! drive him from the village!" were the exclamations of all. The unfortunate youth seemed in a condition of despair, which nothing could add to; and he was moving mutely away, when a man covered with bloody rags made his appearance. "Riego!" cried the astonished villagers. It was indeed the priest. Stephano fell on his knees before his brother in a state of speechless rapture, and, with looks of imploring entreaty, kissed his feet and knees. The priest looked on him with an aspect of affection and mild forgiveness. "Did you not fall over the precipice with the bear?" cried one of the people. "I did," said Riego; "but heaven protected me. My belt was caught by a sharp rock; the bear was forced to quit its hold, and perished alone at the bottom of the gulf."

Exclamations of joy now rang from every quarter. Stephano continued sobbing aloud. "My brother! oh, my brother!" was all he could say. "What meant those cries as I entered?" said the priest in a severe tone; "why would you send away the boy?" "Because the coward!"— "Coward! he is no coward!" cried Riego. "His presence of mind was destroyed by his having narrowly escaped death a few minutes before. Are you sure that the same effect would not have been produced on any one of yourselves? Surely none will blame him when I forgive and embrace him! And now, let us return thanks to God, and let the festival proceed."

Riego's wounds were soon healed. As for Stephano, by many a bravefeat the young man has since wiped away the reproach which was drawn upon him by his want of firmness at the death-scene of the great bear.

GUIZOT'S ESSAY ON WASHINGTON.*

In an early number of the present periodical (No. 42), a complete though not lengthened memoir of Washington was given; and some particulars, also, of his family history appeared at a more recent period. It would be superfluous, therefore, to follow in a formal manner the narrative alluded to in the heading of this article, and which was drawn up by the distinguished French historian M. Guizot, for an edition of the papers of Washington, produced by the Parisian press some time since. We shall only extract here and there such anecdotes and passages as seem to throw something of a fresh light upon the career of the great Liberator of America, a being whose name must be revered until man himself becomes "but a name."

By those who are disposed to take the least favourable view of the career of George Washington, it is sometimes said that he was a Fabius in military matters—one who attained success by the negative course of evading action, rather than of acting; and, in short, who had consummate prudence, but was deficient in positive genius and ability. Leaving aside other arguments, it may well be said that it could be no negation of striking qualities which drew the eye of his country upon the son of an obscure country gentleman, in his early youth, and when he occupied no more important position than that of a subordinate officer of a provincial corps. "His abilities," says M. Guizot, "were not shown by the event alone—they were anticipated by his contemporaries. Your good health and fortune are the toast at every table," wrote Colonel Fairfax, his first patron, to him in 1756. In 1759, when he was elected for the first time to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, on taking his seat, Mr. Robinson, the speaker, expressed to him, with much warmth of colouring and strength of expression, the gratitude of that assembly for the services he had rendered his country. Washington rose to thank him for the compliment; but such was his confusion that he was unable to utter a word; he blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second: the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address—"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he; "your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

Again, in 1774, on the eve of the great contest, Patrick Henry, one of the most ardent republicans in America, on returning home from that first congress which had been formed to prepare for the event, and upon being asked who was the first man in congress, replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

Undoubtedly, he had not the faculty of displaying his powers in a brilliant manner; he possessed not, as the last quotation shows, the gift of eloquence, so essential to the acquisition of a character for shining abilities by a public man. But can we doubt that hundreds, with stores far less copious than those which lay latent in the mind of Washington,

have won that réputation for brilliant talents which was denied to him, through his inability to bring out his stores so effectively? In war, he pursued the only course, it may be safely said, which could have saved his country; and it is hard, because he did so, that he should be charged as a man incapable of having acted otherwise, had occasion demanded it. The truth is, as M. Guizot well remarks, that "he knew a loftier and more difficult art than that of making war—he knew how to control it. War was never to him any thing but a means, constantly subordinate to his general and definitive object—success to the cause, and independence to the country." The most prominent features in Washington's character were, first, his deliberation in coming to any conclusion, and, second, his inflexible constancy in acting upon it. "When he had observed, reflected, and formed his opinion, nothing could disturb him in it: he never allowed himself to be placed or kept, by the opinions of other men, or by the desire of applause, or by the dread of contradiction, in a state of doubt or continual vacillation. He had faith in God and in himself: 'If any power on earth could, or the Great Power above would, erect the standard of infallibility in political opinion, there is no being that inhabits this terrestrial globe that would resort to it with more eagerness than myself, so long as I remain a servant of the public. But as I have found no better guide hitherto than upright intentions and close investigation, I shall adhere to those maxims while I keep the watch.' For he united to this firm and independent mind an intrepid heart, ever ready to act upon his convictions, and to bear the responsibility of his actions. 'What I admire in Christopher Columbus,' said Turgot, 'is, not that he discovered the New World, but that he started in search of it, trusting to his own opinion. On all occasions, whether small or great, whether their consequences were proximate or remote, Washington, once convinced, never hesitated to advance upon the faith of his own conviction.'

It has been doubted whether Washington was actually invited to assume the supreme power, or, in other words, to place himself permanently, whether as a Cromwell or a Bonaparte, a protector or an emperor, at the head of his country. He was so invited, and by those who elevated Cromwell and Bonaparte—the soldiery. "In 1782, he 'viewed with abhorrence and reprehended with severity' the very idea of assuming the supreme power and the crown, which were proffered him by certain disaffected officers. In a letter to Colonel Lewis Nicola—'I am much at a loss,' said he, 'to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself and posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.'" Few, indeed, can do full justice to the forbearance of Washington on this occasion, for few among men can ever personally feel the force of a similar temptation. It is only by observing how all, or nearly all, of those so tried fell, that we can judge of the greatness of his conduct. In this respect he stands grandly aloof among the great spirits of the earth. There are, indeed, one or two, and but one or two, on the same elevation with him, and but proudly eminent among these is Scotland's own Wallace!

Yet was Washington not left without his reward—a reward exceeding in his eyes all that sovereignty could have bestowed. When his country had gained its independence through his arm, he was called to the presidency, and left his country-seat of Mount Vernon to be installed at New York. "His journey was a triumph: along the road, and in the cities, the whole population rushed out to meet him, to salute him, to pray for him. He entered New York, attended by the commissioners of congress, in an ornated barge, rowed by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, as the representatives of the thirteen states, amidst an enormous concourse of people assembled in the harbour and on the shore: but his frame of mind remained unchanged. 'The motion of the boat,' says he in his journal, 'the flags on the shipping, the strains of music, the roar of cannon, the loud acclamations of the people as I passed, filled my mind with emotions as painful as they were agreeable, for I thought on the scenes of a totally opposite character which would perhaps occur at some future day, in spite of all my efforts to do good.'

Nearly a century and a half before, on the banks of the Thames, a like crowd and like demonstrations of joy attended the procession of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the Commonwealth of England. "What crowds! what acclamations!" said the flatterers of the protector: and Cromwell replied, "There would be more to see me hung!" An analogy how strange, a contrast how glorious, between the feelings and the language of the bad great man and the man great and good!

It is worthy of note, that in nominating his cabinet-assistants, he selected able men from different parties, but afterwards gave sanction, by his practice, to a maxim of government often disputed. "Once engaged in business and with parties, the same man who had shown such latitude in the formation of his cabinet,

adopted and enforced a vigorous uniformity of purpose and conduct in his administration. I shall not, whilst I have the honour to administer the government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly, whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide."

We shall close these brief extracts with a few sentences from M. Guizot's able and eloquent summary of the character of Washington. "He did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt: he maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war; he founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway.

When he retired from public life, both these tasks were accomplished. He might then enjoy them. It matters little, in such high designs, at what cost of labour they have been perfected; there are no drops of toil which are not dried by such a wreath, upon the brow where God has placed it."

"Government," says M. Guizot again, "will always and every where be the greatest employment of the human faculties, and consequently that which demands the loftiest spirits. The honour and the interest of society are alike concerned in drawing and fixing them to the administration of its affairs; for no institutions, no political contrivances, can fill the place they ought to occupy."

On the other hand, in men who are worthy of this destiny, all weariness, all sadness, though it be warrantable, is weakness. Their mission is toil; their reward, the success of their works, but still in toil. Oftentimes they die, bent under the burden, before that need is vouchsafed to them. Washington obtained it: he deserved and tasted success and repose. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most happy: God has, in this world, no higher favour to bestow."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

THE subject of spectral illusions, or, to use the common phraseology, apparitions or spectres, is now, in the estimation of scientific and properly informed men, one of the simplest and most intelligible to which the mind can be directed; while, to the ignorant, it still appears full of doubt and mystery. As the present periodical has always been conducted upon the principle, that a majority of its readers are comparatively uninformed upon the subjects selected for its columns, we propose in the present instance to discuss the question of apparitions in a very plain way, trusting, by explanation and anecdote, to make the matter as simple to the many, as we have stated it to be to the more enlightened few at the present day.

An apparition, spectre, ghost, or whatever it may be called, is vulgarly supposed to be a supernatural appearance—a thing occurring out of the common order of nature. No particular time or place is assigned for the appearance, but we may observe that the time is usually evening or night, and the place solitary, or apart from the busy haunts of man. According to old theories on the subject, the person who declared that he had seen such an appearance was either set down as the fabricator of an untruth, or his story was fondly believed, and in the latter case the supernatural incident was added to the mass of credible history. We shall now endeavour to set this conflict of testimony and opinion to rights. In all cases, it is quite possible for the declarant to speak the truth as respects what he saw, or thought he saw, and yet that no real apparition ever occurred. The whole affair, as we shall explain, is simply a delusion in sight, caused by some species of disease in the organs which regulate the vision.

Mental and bodily disorder, organic or functional, is now allowed by physicians to be the basis of all kinds of spectral illusion. Organic disorder of the body is that condition in which one or more organs are altered in structure by disease. Disease of the brain, which involves organic mental disorder, is properly disease of the body, but enduring lassitude or fatuity, existing (if they can do so) without disease in the structure of the brain, may also be called organic disorder of the mind. These explanations will show what is meant by that epithet, as applied either to affections of the mind or body. Functional disorder, again, of the mind or body, is that condition of things where the healthy action of the organ or organs, in part or whole, is impeded, without the existence of any disease of structure. It may be said that violent excitement of the imagination or passions constitutes functional mental disorder; "anger is a temporary madness," said the Romans wisely. As for functional bodily disorder, temporary affections of the digestive organs may be pointed to as common cases of such a species of physical derangement. All these disorders, and kinds of disorders, may appear in a complicated form, and, what is of most importance to our present argument, the nervous system, on which depends the action of the sense, the power of motion, and the operation of all the involuntary functions (such as the circulatory and digestive functions), is, and must necessarily be, involved more or less deeply in all cases of constitutional disorder, organic or functional. These powers of the nerves, which form the

* Washington. By M. Guizot. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London: John Murray. 1840.

sole medium by which mind and body act and react on each other, give us a clue to the comprehension of those strange phenomena called spectral illusions, which depend on a combination of mental and physical impressions.

Organic mental disorder generates spectral illusions. Almost every lunatic tells you that he sees them, and with truth; they are seemingly present to his diseased perceptions. The same cause, simple insanity, partial or otherwise, and existing either with or without structural brain disease, has been, we truly believe, at the foundation of many more apparition-cases than any other cause. By far the greatest number of such cases ever put on record, have been connected with fanaticism in religious matters; and can there be a doubt that the majority of the poor creatures, men and women, who habitually subjected themselves, in the early centuries of the church, to macerations and lacerations, and saw signs and visions, were simply persons of partially deranged intellect? St Theresa, who lay entranced for whole days, and who, in the fervour of devotion, imagined that she was frequently addressed by the voice of God, and that our Saviour, St Peter, and St Paul, would often in person visit her solitude, is an example of this order of monomaniacs. That this individual, and others like her, should have been perfectly sensible on all other points, is a phenomenon in the pathology of mind too common to cause any wonder. We would acribe, we repeat, a large class of apparition-cases, including these devotional ones, to simple mental derangement. The eye in such instances may take in a correct impression of external objects, but this is not all that is wanting. A correct perception by the mind is essential to healthy and natural vision, and this perception the deranged intellect cannot effect. A three-footed stool may then become a kneeling angel. We would therefore have such persons regarded, not in the uncharitable light of impostors, but of poor creatures who mistook natural hallucinations for supernatural.

Undoubtedly, however, many of those cases of spectral illusions which have made the deepest impression on mankind, have not arisen from organic mental disease on the part of the sight-seers. The lunatic is apt to betray his condition, and, that once recognised, his visions become of no weight. We have then to turn to other causes of spectre-seeing; and, first, let us notice the mode of operation, and effects of certain functional disorders of the system, operating on the visual perceptions through the nerves. A bodily disorder, which ought in itself to afford a solution of all apparitions, is that called *delirium tremens*. This is most commonly induced, in otherwise healthy subjects, by continued dissipation. So long (say medical authorities) as the drinker can take food, he is comparatively secure against the disease, but when his stomach rejects common nourishment, and he persists in taking stimulants, the effects are for the most part speedily visible, at least in peculiarly nervous constitutions. The first symptom is commonly a slight impairment of the healthy powers of the senses of hearing and seeing. A ringing in the ears probably takes place; then any common noise, such as the rattle of a cart on the street, assumes to the hearing a particular sound, and arranges itself into a certain tune perhaps, or certain words, which haunt the sufferer, and are by and bye rung into his ears on the recurrence of every noise. The proverb, "as the fool thinks, so the bell tink," becomes very applicable in his case. His sense of seeing, in the mean while, begins to show equal disorder; figures float before him perpetually when his eyes are closed at night. By day, also, objects seem to move before him that are really stationary. The senses of touch, taste, and smell, are also involved in confusion. In this way the disturbance of the senses goes on, increasing always with the disorder of the alimentary function, until the unhappy drinker is at last visited, most probably in the twilight, by visionary figures, distinct in outline as living beings, and which seem to speak to him with the voice of life. At first he mistakes them for realities, but, soon discovering his error, is thrown into the deepest alarm. If he has the courage to approach and examine any one of the illusory figures, he probably finds that some fold of drapery, or some shadow, has been the object converted by his diseased sense into the apparition, and he may also find that the voice was but some simple household sound converted by his disordered ear into strange speech; for the sense, at least in the milder cases of this sort, rather *conceal* than *create*, though the metamorphosed may differ widely from the real substance. The visitations and sufferings of the party may go on increasing, till he takes courage to speak to the physician, who, by great care, restores his alimentary organs to a state of health, and, in consequence, the visions slowly leave him. If, however, remedies are not applied in time, the party will probably sink under the influence of his disorder. The spectral figures and voices being solely and entirely the creation of his own fancy, will seem to do or say any thing that may be uppermost in that fancy at the moment, and will encourage him to self-murder by every possible argument—all emanating, of course, from his own brain. The whole consists merely of his own fancies, *bodied forth to himself visibly and audibly*. His own poor head is the seat of all; there is nothing apart from him—nothing but vacancy.

Dr Alderson, a respectable physician, mentions his being called to a keeper of a public-house, who was in a state of great terror, and who described

himself as having been haunted for some time with spectres. He had first noticed something to be wrong with him on being laughed at by a little girl for desiring her to lift some oyster shells from the floor. He himself stooped, but found none. Soon after, in the twilight, he saw a soldier enter the house, and, not liking his manner, desired him to go away; but receiving no answer, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and to his horror found the shape to be but a phantom! The visitations increased by night and by day, till he could not distinguish real customers from imaginary ones, so definite and distinct were the latter in outline. Sometimes they took the forms of living friends, and sometimes of people long dead. Dr Alderson resorted to a course of treatment which restored the strength of the digestive organs, and gradually banished the spectres. At the close of the account, it is said that the man emphatically expressed himself to have now received "a perfect conviction of the nature of ghosts."

Many additional cases from Hibbert, Abercromby, and other writers, might be quoted, in which the visual impressions and perceptions were in a similar way affected by the influence of digestive derangement. But as no doubt can rationally exist on the point, from the comparative commonness of the disease, no more proof need be brought forward. However, the inference naturally deducible from these facts is too important to be overlooked. Here we find, by unquestionable medical evidence, that a man walking about in apparent bodily health, and mentally sane, may nevertheless be subject to most distinct visitations of spectral figures, some of them in the semblance of dead persons. We find this, we repeat, to be within the range of natural phenomena. Now, is it not more likely, in those cases where wonderful apparitions are reported to have been seen, that the whole was referable to such natural causes, than that the grave gave up its dead, or that the laws of the universe were specially broken in upon in any other way? Even with only one such admitted source of spectral illusions as the malady alluded to, we should certainly err in passing it by to seek for explanations in supernatural quarters. But in reality we have many causes or sources of them, and to these we shall now look, in continuation of our argument.

Among the other varieties of bodily ailments affecting either structure or function, which have been found to produce spectral illusions, fevers, inflammatory affections, epileptic attacks, hysteria, and disorders of the nerves generally, are among the most prominent. As regards fevers and inflammatory affections, particularly those of the brain, it is well known to almost every mother or member of a large family, that scarcely any severe case can occur without illusions of the sight to a greater or less extent. In hysterical and epileptic cases also, where fits or partial trances occur, the same phenomena are frequently observed. But we shall not enlarge on the effects produced by the influence of severe and obviously existing maladies, as it is in those cases only where the spectre-seer has exhibited apparent sanity of mind and body, that special wonder has been excited. It is so far of great importance, however, to notice that these diseases do produce the illusions, as in most cases it will be found on inquiry that the party subject to them, however sound to appearance at the time, afterwards displayed some of these complaints in full force; and we may then rationally explain the whole matter by supposing the seeds of the ailments to have early existed in a latent state. A German lady, of excellent talents and high character, published an account some years back of successive visions with which she had been honoured, as she believed, by Divine favour. Dr Crichton, however, author of an able work on Insanity, found that the lady was always affected with the *aura epileptica* during the prevalence of the illusions; or, in other words, that she was labouring under slight attacks of epilepsy. Thus simply was explained a series of phenomena which, from the high character for veracity of the subject of them, astonished a great part of Germany. Another case, where functional bodily disorder of a different and very simple kind was present in an unrecognisable state, and produced extraordinary illusions, was the famous one of Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller. This individual, when in a perfectly fit state to attend to his ordinary business, was suddenly visited one day, when casually excited by some annoying circumstance, by the figure of a person long dead. He asked his wife, who was present, if she saw it; she did not. The bookseller was at first much alarmed, but, being a man of sense and intelligence, he soon became convinced of the illusory yet natural character of the spectra, which subsequently, for a period of two whole years, appeared to him in great numbers, and with daily frequency. "I generally saw (says he) human forms of both sexes, but they took not the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with one another. I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs, and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive; none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these phantasms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return." They also spoke to him repeatedly.

These phantasms lasted, as we have said, two years. The issue is peculiarly worthy of note. Nicolai had in former years fallen into the habit of periodical blood-letting by leeches, but had ventured to stop the practice previous to the accession of the phantasms, and during their prevalence he had only been advised to attend to the state of his digestive organs. After they had endured for the time mentioned, it was thought fit to renew the blood-letting. At eleven in the morning, while the room was crowded with the spectral figures, the leeches were applied. As the bleeding slowly proceeded, the figures grew dimmer and dimmer, and finally, by eight o'clock in the evening, they had all melted into thin air, never to reappear! This most remarkable case, the first in which any individual dared calmly to come forward and avow such an affection, at the risk of incurring the charge of insanity, was founded, we thus see, simply on a plethoric or surcharged state of the blood-vessels. Nicolai deserves great credit for the philosophic composition with which he recorded the phenomena presented to him; but his statement, which has often been republished in this country, seems defective in some points, and, from the interest of the subject, we may be pardoned for presuming to notice these. Generally speaking, he represents his spectral visitants as things which came and went, and assumed various shapes, and appeared in certain numbers, *uninfluenced directly by himself*. The total dependence which they had upon his own fancy of the moment, is not put clearly before us, though, by the truthful accuracy of his narrative, he unconsciously makes that fact apparent every instant. The surcharged state of the vessels was the fundamental cause of the phantasms, but his own passing fancies moulded them for the passing moment into shape, regulated their numbers, and gave them words. How could it be otherwise! The whole panorama was exhibited on his own retina, and the working brain behind was the manager and scene-shifter of the show.

It need only be added, in further explanation of the subject, that the reason why spectral illusions are more frequent in solitary than in busy parts of the country, is, that in these secluded spots the fancy is apt to become diseased, or at least deeply affected, by external appearances. The raving of the wind in mountain glens, the silence and gloom of winter, the light and shade of summer—all work on the mind, and produce that species of functional disorder which leads to the delusions we have described.

The subject of particular apparitions, of banshies, of second sight, &c., must be left to another occasion. We have here but pointed out certain principles, which, with a little farther notice of the influence of the mind singly, will enable us to throw light, we trust, on most of the authentic cases of spectral illusions on record.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NAMES.

A LAMENTABLE meanness of taste is displayed in this country in giving Christian names to children. The usual custom seems to consist in naming the infant *after* some friend or relative, no matter how offensive or prosaic the name may be. This is perhaps done by way of compliment, but, generally speaking, it is treated very lightly by the person supposed to be complimented, and the favour might as well be spared. Where the name is euphonious or well-sounding, there can be no harm in the practice, but where it is a harsh or too common appellation, a positive injury is inflicted on the child for life, all to satisfy a passing whim, or pay an imaginary compliment. It can be from no other cause than this that there is such a limited range of Christian names amongst us. We have *John* without end, and then in numerical proportion come *James*, *William*, *George*, *Thomas*, *Robert*, and two or three others, all which being repeated in nearly every family every new generation, there is the greatest difficulty in tracing descent for the sake of inheritance; and in those cases in which each male member of a family has several sons, all with precisely the same names, an utter confusion is introduced into the genealogy. We have thus, for example, known five cousins, all possessing the name *John Thomson*, and similar absurdities must be continually occurring within every other person's knowledge.

What we should propose being done in the matter of naming children is, for the parents to look about for a new and well-sounding name for their child, whether male or female, without any regard to the stupid old custom of calling infants after uncles, aunts, grandfathers, or grandmothers. Why not introduce more liberally into the common stock of Christian names some of the fine old Anglo-Saxon appellatives, such as *Arthur*, *Athelstan*, *Alfred*, *Swynfen*, *Albert*, *Edmund*, *Egbert*, *Ethelbert*, *Edgar*, *Edwin*, *Cedric*; or for females—*Adela*, *Adeline*, *Agatha*, *Amanda*, *Alice*, *Matilda*, *Eleanor*, *Constance*, &c. The fund of Roman, French, and other names, might also be drawn upon, as *Adrian*, *Adolphe*, *Hortense*, &c.

On a former occasion, we showed the impropriety of giving children two Christian names, or of giving a surname for a Christian name. But it indicates a much greater meanness of taste to call any child by the name or titular appellation of any member of the royal family. We lately heard of a gentleman in the metropolis who had called his three sons, respectively, Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex, a thing no doubt done for the purpose of creating a sensation among strangers. "Sussex, my dear, will you come this way?" or "Cambridge, I'll trouble you to hand me that book," sounds well when uttered by an elegant mamma in a promiscuous company, and for the moment raises the notion that one of the royal family is present. Such are the mean motives which sometimes influence parents in the naming of their children.

DRINKING WINE AT DINNER.

In high life, the practice of asking another "to drink wine with you," is quite worn out. It is only followed by an inferior order of persons in provincial towns, who are not yet aware that the change has taken place. The custom at first-rate tables, has for some time been that which is followed on the continent; every one takes what he or she likes, without bothering neighbours. A servant usually hands round liquors. It is gratifying to observe that by this plan few take any wine, or at most only make a kind of sham of drinking. The use of intoxicating liquors at table is obviously declining in the best circles of society, and is kept up by the middle classes, not from a vicious taste, but from a wish to show off, and an idea of being hospitable. The sooner these ridiculous notions are corrected, the better.

SONGS OF JAMES HOGG.

It would be a difficult task properly to characterise in words the genius of the Ettrick Shepherd. The case is different with Burns; we can readily discern what were the leading features of his intellect, as developed throughout his poetry. But the Ettrick Shepherd had scarcely a single marked quality of mind in common with Burns; and, in saying so, we do not mean to undervalue the former in the slightest degree. The elder bard, it may be safely said, could as little have produced the Queen's Wake, Queen Hynde, Ringan and May, or many of the other highly imaginative pieces which Hogg gave forth, as the Shepherd could have written Tam O'Shanter, or the Cotter's Saturday Night. In their songs, these two Scottish poets differ as widely as in their larger productions. We do not find in the songs of Hogg that axiomatic pith, terse humour, and compressed beauty of sentiment, which appear in such pieces as "A Man's a man for a' that," "The Braw Wooer," and "Mary Morison." What we find in place of these qualities in the songs of the Ettrick Shepherd, it is not easy to tell, although it is undeniable that many of them possess a charm of no common kind, and one fitted to make them lastingly popular. A certain happy naïveté, or quaint simplicity of thought, expressed in the genuine Doric of Scotland, with frequent touches of tender and kindly feeling, and a flow of pleasing imagery, derived from homely natural objects and common rural occupations, may be described as perhaps the principal features characterising the songs of Hogg. Real humour is less apparent in any of them than odd turns and "queer" expressions, which supply its place, and produce much of its usual effect. The following stanza from a song written, in the poet's courting days, to the lady who afterwards became his wife, and who lives to lament his loss, will give a fair example of the happy turns alluded to:

" Could this ill world ha been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might ha lived,
Released frae a' the illa see common;
But since it is the wasfu' case
That man mann haes this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
Oh had she no been made *sae bonny*!"

As an example of the way in which he gives a lively point to verses by single expressions, we may quote another passage, from "My Love she's but a Lassie yet":—

" She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gauncy yet;
But just a jinkin',
Bonny bliskin',
Hiltly-skiltly lassie yet."

Of the tender and kindly feeling, and the flow of homely yet pleasing imagery, characterising the songs of the Ettrick Shepherd, fine examples may be found

in the "Wee Housie," "I haes naebody now," "When the kye comes hame," and "Oh Jeanie, there's nae thing to fear ye"—all of them pieces so well known, that their peculiarities will occur to the memory of every one. Of all the songs, however, expressive of serious emotion which the poet ever wrote, the following one, little known, seems to us one of the most affecting. It is entitled a "Father's Lament," and appears with a fine air attached to it in Bishop's Select Melodies:—

" How can you bid this heart be blythe,
When blythe this heart can never be?
I've lost the jewel from my crown—
Look round our circle, and you'll see
That there is one out o' the ring
Who never can forgotten be—
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand,
That ne'er can be made up to me!
Tis said as water wears the rock,
That time wears out the deepest line;
It may be true w' hearts know,
But never can apply to mine.
For I have learn'd to know and feel—
Though losses should forgotten be—
That still the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!
I blame not Providence's sway,
For I have many joys beside,
And fain would I in grateful way
Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.
A mortal thing should ne'er repine,
But stoop to the supreme decree!
Yet, oh! the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!"

In expressing the doubts, and fears, and pains of love, the Ettrick Shepherd is extremely happy, though he more often adopts a semi-burlesque tone, than the seriously-plaintive style of Burns. But the following stanza, from a piece entitled "Bonny Mary," may be read after the Lass of Ballochmyle, without any risk of detriment to the reputation of Hogg:—

" Oh Mary! thou'rt sae mild and sweet,
My very being clings about thee;
This heart would rather cease to beat,
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
How dears the lair on thy hill-cheek,
Where many a weeny hour I tarry!
For there I see the twisting rock
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.
When Phebus keeks outwider the muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily—
When morn has breathed her fragrance pure,
And life and joy ring through the valley—
I drive my flock to yonder brook,
The feebly in my arms I carry,
And every lamme's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.
The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew:
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor w' the spring his toll renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary."

This last verse will bring to recollection the closing one in the "Lament for Lord Glencairn":—

" The bridegroom may forget the bride;
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencalm,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

Certainly the images in the shepherd's stanza are not so forcible or appropriate as those of Burns, but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. The following song, to the tune of "Over the Border," is among the most popular of the shepherd's lyrical productions:—

" Oh, my lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i' the glauning, my dearie;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
Come, when the wee bat fits silent and eerie,
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary;
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
Sweetly blows the haw and the rowan tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket sae breezy;
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,
Then come with fairy haste,
Light foot and beating breast—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!"

" Far, far will the bogle and brownie be,
Beauty and truth, they darena come near it;
Kind love is the tie of our unity,
A' maun love it an' a maun revere it.
Tis maun makes the sang o' the woodland sae cheery,
Love grows a' nature look bonny that's near ye;
That makes the rose sae sweet,
Cowdip an' violet—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!"

In such songs as "Cam ye by Athol," "Charlie is my darling," and some others that might be named, there is, upon the whole, little poetic merit, and the popularity of the pieces rests in no small degree on the national feeling incorporated in the composition. One circumstance materially distinguishes Hogg's poetry from that of Burns; the shepherd latterly wrote much that was below mediocrity, and evidently from an unpoetic motive. Urged on by magazine editors, publishers, and also his own necessities, he issued a multitude of perishable things, in place of con-

trating his faculties upon works likely to live. Thus, the last ten years of Hogg's life may be said to have been devoted to destroying the fame which he had formerly, and under many difficulties, acquired.

These desultory remarks must be brought to a close, and we shall do so with another beautiful little piece from Hogg's song collection:—

A WIDOW'S WAIL.

" Oh thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding-sheet;
I canna leave thy comely clay,
An' features calm an' sweet!
I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again,
Since thou art gone, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine;
An' saw w' joy thy sparkling ee
With kindling vigour shine!
I thought, when audit an' trail, I might
Wit' you am yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!

Now closed an' set thy sparkling eye,
Thy kind wee heart is still,
An' thy dear spirit far away
Beyond the reach of ill!
Ah! I fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!

The flower now fading on the lea
Shall fresher rise to view—
The leaf just falling fr'm the tree
The year will soon renew:
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou reviv'st again;
For thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!"

MEDICAL QUACKERY.

A CLEVERLY written pamphlet on medical quackery, by Dr Charles Cowan of Reading, has lately been brought under our notice, and affords us an opportunity of saying a few words on the subject. The manner in which thousands of persons in all parts of the United Kingdom, but England in particular, are absolutely cheated out of their money by vendors of quack medicines, independently of the serious injury done to health by these pretended nostrums, is a great disgrace to our social condition. No circumstance that could be produced shows more clearly the state of ignorance among the mass of the people, than the existence of the vast delusion and credulity respecting these trumpery and often vicious preparations.

Shrewd as the English are in every matter of business, they may be described as children in all that pertains to the curing of disease. It would appear that any man, no matter who, will be almost certain to realise a fortune by manufacturing and selling pretended specific for bodily complaints, provided he possess a sufficient share of impudence, advertise well, and keep up an imposing personal appearance. But it is not alone in England that the imposition is successful. Wherever there is a preponderance of English or descendants of English located, there the quack medicine-vender flourishes. All over the English-settled part of North America, and in the colonies, quacks are as successful as in the mother country. Every American newspaper which we see abounds with their advertisements. It has been calculated that 200,000 dollars are spent annually for advertising quack medicines in the United States. In Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the West Indies, the sum must also be considerable. The medicines are the same which deluge the advertising columns of the British press—elixirs, pills, purifiers of the blood, lotions, worm-cakes, dentrifices, &c. A peck of quack-prepared pills is believed to be consumed daily in Boston; but New York, being larger, takes half a bushel.

According to Dr Cowan, the facilities for extensively advertising are greater than is generally supposed. "The leading journals of the metropolis insert very few quack advertisements, for the simple reason that the proprietors themselves are not vendors of patent medicines, and because they require cash for quack as well as for all other announcements. It is chiefly in the provincial papers, and in the less influential London journals, that the quack advertises, the proprietors of these frequently becoming joint-stock partners in his trade. The newspaper office is virtually his shop, and the sale of the nostrum is often the sole security for the payment of advertisements, the proprietors persisting in zealously advertising as the only means of securing remuneration. Many of the latter have large stocks of medicines on hand, which occasionally become valueless by the rapid sale of some more successful competitor for public favour. Journals just commencing, or of very inferior circula-

tion, not only insert puffs of the empiric on these terms, but sometimes do not from the proceeds of sale only sufficient to meet the duty; and even this is occasionally paid by the newspaper proprietor himself, who sets upon a quack advertisement as the only means of filling up his empty columns, and giving to his paper a fictitious appearance of importance and wide circulation. It is evident from this that the quack wields a fearful power in the public press; his expenses are often little more than nominal, while he secures the agency and interests of the newspaper proprietor in his behalf; and thus the very means by which the public mind should be directed and enlightened, is converted into a source of incalculable mischief." To this we may add a circumstance that has attracted our attention. The number of quack medicine advertisements in the English provincial papers is remarkably stationary; it usually varies from twenty to twenty-four in each newspaper, and you may observe the same announcements keeping their place for years. In the Scotch newspapers there are comparatively few of these advertisements, the people in the north, as we suppose, being less easily duped by the impudent falsehoods and extravagant absurdities of the race of newspaper empirics.

It is not denied that an advertised medicine contains a substance which may serve a good purpose in certain complaints. But the absurdity is, that in most cases the medicine is put forth as a specific for a wide range of diseases. We have pills offered to us which are to cure all kinds of "coughs, colds, asthmas, shortness of breath, oppression of the chest, dropsey, and consumption." It is clear that this is an impossibility. Some coughs, for instance, are the symptoms of pulmonary affections, while others proceed from the stomach. Now, is it reasonable to suppose that any one medicine is calculated for these opposite states of derangement? The impudent thing about quacks is, that they strike almost entirely at symptoms; they speak of cough and asthma as if these were diseases in themselves, and not mere external signs of some species of functional or organic derangement. To cure a cough, we must first understand what it is that causes the cough, and the same in all other maladies.

Of what, it may be asked, are quack medicines generally composed—what is their precise character? The writer before us gives the most complete information on this point. "Quack medicines, almost without exception, are nothing more than the revived formulae of some obsolete pharmacopœia, the prescription of some medical man of eminence, or a modern preparation with a new name, and sufficiently adulterated to render its recognition difficult. They are not, as the empiric would have one believe, profound discoveries of his own, the result of deep experimental research combined with exquisite chemical skill, but formulated from the regular profession, and puffed into notoriety by the use of medical words and phrases extracted from professional books. They form no real additions to the art of healing, while they are indebted for their popularity and sale to their occasional success, but more particularly to the secret and mysterious mode of their announcement, the extravagance of their pretensions, and their adaptation to the fancies and prejudices of a medically ignorant population. The really distinctive character of a quack medicine is this, that it is an ordinary remedy to which are ascribed extraordinary virtues; it is administered by the empiric without knowledge or discrimination, while the educated practitioner attaches to it no other qualities than what experience has confirmed, and adapts its employment to those peculiar conditions of the system where it may reasonably be expected to be of use."

To this is added an analysis of the composition of about thirty different specifics, pills, elixirs, drops, &c.; but we refrain from mentioning them, as the insertion of the names of the proprietors in any form in our pages would be attended with more harm than good.

Considering the extraordinary pretensions of quacks, it must be a matter of curiosity to know who they really are, or what they have been. We learn from Dr Cowan, that in many instances the names attached to the medicines are fictitious, or adopted from the name of some well-known practitioner; in this way we have the names of Armstrong, Boerhaave, Ashley Cooper, and others, as if these celebrated individuals testified to the virtues and sanctioned the indiscriminate employment of the stuff fastened upon them.

During the protectorate of Cromwell there were numerous instances of disbanded soldiers of the vilest character taking upon them the practice of physic. In the present day, the quack is usually a cunning knave, of no education, who, by sheer force of impudence, and tact in playing on a weak point in human nature, pushes himself forward from an humble to an exalted condition. Dr Thornton, writing in 1813, says, "It is a known fact, that thousands of children lose their lives annually by worm-cakes, advertised by the legal and infamous destroyers of their fellow-creatures, who, for the sake of gain, are still suffered to go on in their work of death in an enlightened period; and, also! no patriot has as yet stood up to remedy this growing evil. The calculation of the quack is this:—'I was in my youth a chimney-sweeper, next a scavenger, and now I am a tinker or mender of kettles; my brother, the cobbler, has made a decent livelihood, and is much respected, by turning from mending soles to converting souls. I have no mountebank to be sure, but I can circulate handbills. In London alone there

are a million of people; if one dies in seven years, many are ill before this comes, and I may reckon 25,000 are ill. If my bill reaches one in 100, and this one buy only a guinea's worth of my stuff, this would give me £2500 a-year. In the country I find 15,000,000 of people, and my stuff sells as well in the country as in town, or better, not needing to see the folk; and as I live upon onions, and follow my trade for a time, and will advertise more and more as I get on, the odds are very much against me, if, with the king's arms, authority of parliament, and extracts from the *Gazette*, but that I ride at last in my coach!'—nor is his conjecture wrong."

Dr Cowan adduces the following instances from different authorities:—"A Dr Meyersbach started about 1770 as a water doctor; he had arrived from Germany in a starving condition, and was first an hostler at a riding-school. Not making money fast enough, he set up as a doctor, and was consulted by all classes. It is believed that he acquired a good fortune, with which he retired to his native country.

Le Flevre, another German, a broken wine-merchant, set up for a gout doctor, and was much noticed by the nobility. Under pretence of going to Germany for more of his powders, he quitted this country, and had the prudence never to return. He carried over about 10,000 guineas, obtained by subscription and otherwise. Living in the style of a prince, he drank daily, as his first toast, 'To the credulous and stupid nobility, gentry, and opulent merchants of Great Britain!'

A mechanic was afflicted with a serious disease, to get rid of which he applied to a physician of eminence; he was accordingly furnished with a prescription, which wrought a most perfect and expeditious cure. So well pleased was the patient, that he procured the same medicine for an acquaintance, and a like happy result followed its administration. He then procured the different ingredients, and learned from the doctor the art of compounding them. He now set zealously to work, and with the assistance of his friends and coadjutors, circulated the reputation of what they called the newly discovered remedy, and its fame rapidly extended. A name was soon found, it was duly advertised, it obtained an increased sale, its proprietor received orders from abroad, and he now at once left the workshop, and assumed the name, title, and honours of a doctor. He can now count his millions (dollars), and laughs at the credulity and gullibility of those who have contributed to raise him from obscurity to eminence, and from poverty to princely independence.

Many adventurers in the pill trade in England have risen to wealth by this method. Among the list may be found several clergymen, as inventors of this class of medicines, although, probably, the most successful of late years, is a man who was a short time ago a barber, and shaved for a penny!"

"It cannot be wondered at that so many take up the trade of quackery, as it is one of the most profitable in which a man can embark. Five hundred or six hundred per cent. is deemed but a fair and reasonable remuneration for the outlay of capital. This may startle, but it is true. Let me ask any rational individual how persons, without a farthing in the world to begin trading with, have been able to build splendid mansions, drive a carriage and pair, keep their town and country houses, with elegantly laid-out gardens and conservatories, and spend from five to six thousand per annum on advertisements, which is the case with more than one of the present race of quack-medicine doctors, if the trade was not most profitable! On a recent examination at the Insolvent Court, it was shown that every pound laid out in the manufacturing of their body-destroying trash, produced a clear profit of six pounds."

The fact is, that quack medicines, at the present moment, are among the most tempting and successful speculations to the needy, the unprincipled, and the avaricious; and success is nearly or wholly independent of the real utility of the remedy—but, on the extent of the publicity given to it, on the ingenuity with which it is adapted to the public prejudices and cravings, and on the persevering and reckless manner in which its pretended virtues are attested.

In some instances, it does seem to have occurred to the modern empiric that it would be scarcely safe to found his claims to such wonderful knowledge upon his individual researches, and he therefore transforms himself into a body corporate, and his house into a college—(how!) by the speedy and simple process of having the word painted in large letters upon the wall! Fearing that statements might be mistrusted if put forth in the name of the party deriving the sole emolument from the sale, so the ingenious device is adopted of giving them the appearance of emanating from an 'association,' or 'society,' 'establishment,' 'hall,' or 'college,' of learned persons, and they come before the public with all the additional authority of an imposing name and an imaginary combination of wisdom!"

Notwithstanding the numerous cases of death and personal injury produced by taking quack medicines in England, no pains whatsoever have been taken, either by the public or by the medical profession, to extirpate the nuisance. The press, with two or three exceptions, has been worse than silent on the subject; for it encourages the delusion by giving systematic publicity

to paid puffs abounding in the grossest falsehoods. We cannot help feeling, also, that to the regular practitioners of medicine, no small share of the blame of this state of things is chargeable. The Latin jargon in which medical prescriptions are clothed, the degree of mystery often maintained with respect to what is simply a plain matter of science, and above all, the incomprehensible variety of practitioners in the profession, not to speak of the unseemly contentions of rival medical schools and corporations—all afford admirable scope for the quackish pretender, and we can hardly wonder at uninstructed people being so easily imposed upon. While, therefore, earnestly warning our readers against purchasing or using a single medicine advertised in the columns of a newspaper, and recommending them in all cases of disorders to apply at once to a respectable medical man for advice, we are decidedly of opinion that the medical profession stands greatly in need of reform, and this reform must take place before any solid change is to be expected in the custom of depending on quackish pretenders.

SIGHTS OF A FOREIGN FAIR.

FAIRS in France are conducted with a much greater amount of fun and drollery than in England, perhaps for the reason that the French in general are better acquainted with the art of being *joyous*, and are more lively in their mirthfulness. Enter the field where a French fair is held, and the number of sights and sounds around you will astound both eye and ear. Peasants and citizens, men, women, and children, crush, press, elbow, and bawl without intermission. The whining of clarionets, the groaning of drums, the tinkling of cymbals, the piping of panpipes, and the explosion of fireworks, symphonise, pleasantly or unpleasantly as the state of your temper may be, with the voices of the visiting crowd, and the loud appeals of the dealers and tricksters there present. At every step, some of these latter personages, from booth, stall, or stage, tempt you to make purchases, or try your luck, or patronise an exhibition.

Go into one of these places of exhibition, and you shall be treated to a set of pictures, formed by the slides of a magic lantern, most amusing and instructive to behold. You shall there see "the Emperor of Russia, at the moment when he is engaged in reviewing the grand imperial army. He has his staff beside him. You observe a young girl approaching. She is saying, 'Sire, my father wishes me to marry one man, and I want to marry another.' The emperor is replying in these remarkable words, 'Atten-kirkof!' which means, that to suffering humanity sovereigns should always be compassionate." After the magic lantern exhibition, pass on, and you will come to a natural philosophy lecturer, or, as he calls himself, physician-general of the people of France. He is a man who really possesses some knowledge of experimental chemistry, and, with the help of an electrifying machine, and a few other instruments, astonishes the peasants with his experiments in physics. The theatre of his labours is a small circular space, enclosed with a rude wooden railing. On a table in the centre stands an air-pump, a voltaic pile, Leyden jars, and the various appendages of the electrifying machine. When he exhibits, the country people ask in amazement how this man can bottle up the thunder of heaven in a phial. The voice of the physician-general of France is sad and plaintive when he says, "With my requirements I might be entertained in the palaces of kings." Poor fellow! he perhaps believes what he says. He is the most honest of the charlatans, and one must per force pity him, when one beholds his attire, which speaks of a sore struggle between pride and poverty.

But the multitude have little feeling for the poor experimenter, and crowd to the side of a family of dancers and jugglers, consisting of a husband, wife, and several children. The father commences the performances. He is dressed in a Turkish garb, or one that is called Turkish all over the world—excepting in Turkey. He takes a few brass balls, and tosses them into the air in various ways, which he respectively calls the Japanese, Hindoo, Malay, and Chinese modes. Every now and then he calls aloud, "Gentlemen, I am the sole and only person now travelling who performs these wonders." The children, meanwhile, are lying upon a carpet, and looking as easy and careless as if they were not destined by and bye to the perilous feat of standing on the point of their toes on the paternal chin. Their first exhibition consists of a set of fearful postures, of which the father speaks with amazed rapture. In due time, the turn of the woman comes, and the man introduces her thus: "Gentlemen, my wife now before you, called the Female Hercules, will close our exhibition by bearing on her chest this weight, exceeding five hundred pounds. But first, gentlemen, I shall do myself the honour to make the round of this respectable company, and hope to experience their generous bounty."

Move on to the next exhibition. Here we have a rope-dancing and tumbling party, with a master or conductor, and a merry-andrew or clown, to preface the business. "Master, what are you going to give me," says the clown, "for bringing all these people to look at you?" "Why, I will give you a piece of gingerbread, Mr Merryman, which will suit you very well," says the master. "No, I won't have it," returns the clown. "And why?" "Because it is just the colour

of your wife's face?" "Ah, you impudent rascal!" says the master, bestowing some cuffs on the merry-andrew, which make him roar lustily. "Gentlemen," continues the master, pointing to his blubbering fool, "would you believe what this fellow did the other day? I sent him for a pennyworth of snuff, and a halfpennyworth of salt; and the rascal brought home the snuff in the salt-can, and the salt in my snuff-box!" "Yes," says the clown, "and I did it on purpose—to make you give up snuffing. Look what a mess it has given you—it is as big as a pump-handle! Ah, master, if you had but an addition to your family, what a capital thing it would be for your nose!" "Why, pray sir?" "Because you would then have a little one!" "Rascal!" returns the master, "take that—and that for your impertinence!" "Oh! oh! oh! give me my wages, and I'll leave you," cries the clown. "You leave me!" retorts the master, "you would starve—you have no trade!" "I have," says the clown; and he lies down on the ground in a gasping state. "What are you doing, you fool? get up!" "No," replies the clown, "I am busy at my trade. You wanted to know it. Don't you see I am dying?" But the master puts an end to these magnificent jokes by commanding the merry-andrew to proclaim, after him, the nature of the performances about to commence, which order the clown executes, but blunders at every word, to the infinite delectation of the audience, and at the cost of many bitter glances, rebukes, and cuffs from the master. "Tell the company, Mr Merryman, that my wife, Madame Van Better, will have the honour to perform a wonderful dance before them on the tight rope, without a pole; a performance in which she stands unrivalled, and which has won for her, at many illustrious courts, the title of the Queen of Rope-dancers. Yes, gentlemen, she has positively a patent under that title from His Majesty Leopold, King of the Belgians, and His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French," &c.

But time enough has been spent upon this particular exhibition. A rival one close by attracts the eye. Here, also, a master and clown are preluding in a spirited style. "Where do you come from, Mr Merryman?"—pray, tell me and the company," says the master. "I was born," replies the clown, gravely, "at the village of Go-and-look-for-it." "Go-and-look-for-it!—why, is that place in France?" "Oh, to be sure; it is close by the town of Seek-it-out," says the fool. "Ay, indeed; and what were your parents, Mr Merryman?" My father and grandfather both attained to a very elevated position in the world," says the clown. "Did they so, my friend?" "Yes, master, they were both hanged." And so go on the prolonging pair, till again the master has to announce that the audience may now have it in their power, for the trifling sum of one penny, to behold two of the greatest wonders of the age, namely, "the young and beautiful Adelina, aged eleven, three feet high, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds (French); and her brother, the youthful Alexander, whose circumference exceeds that of an ordinary regimental bass-drum." These interesting objects are very attractive to the audience.

Among other sights of the fair, you will have it in your power to witness a regular dramatic representation, if you choose; but you will certainly prefer a glimpse at the puppets, at Punch—inimitable Punch! Him you will find in his glory; for though almost banished from England, he yet reigns in France. March forward. See! the curtain is just drawn up, and there is the hero, armed with his indispensable stick. He is clever, Master Punch, but cannot play alone, and here is his friend Matamore, a blustering captain, to keep him company. "Good-day, Punch," says Matamore. "Good-day," says Punch, in reply, and in saying so, he gives a rap upon the head of the other with that restless stick, which has fought so many battles, and won them all. "Have the goodness not to play any tricks, Mr Punch!" exclaims the captain. "To be sure not," says Punch, and gives another rap upon the same spot as before. "Punch, Punch! do you know," cries the captain, "whom you are insulting—I am the conqueror in a hundred million of battles!" "To be sure you are," says Punch, and down comes the everlasting stick again. "Punch, you will make me angry!" exclaims the captain, feeling his head; "had I not sworn an oath against anger, I would already have exterminated you!" "Very likely," returns Punch, and the stick comes harder than ever upon the other's pate. "Oh! I am killed!" Rap, rap, goes the reckless stick of Punch, till the captain at length falls dead, calling upon the police. They enter, and condemn the murderous Punch to be hung. A gibbet is erected, and the criminal consigned to the hands of the executioner. But when the fatal moment arrives, Punch cannot get his head into the noose, the rope being now too long, and now too short. To show how easy the affair is, the simple executioner, at the prisoner's request, puts his own head into the noose, on which the remorseless Punch tucks him up at once, and gives him a conclusive dance in the air. The Evil One, however, enters at the close of all these tricks, and carries off Master Punch, after a severe struggle, to a place not to be named. This gives a perfect moral finish to the scene; justice is satisfied, society avenged, and the spectators depart, at once edified and delighted.

The reader's memory will tell him that Punch is the same over all the world.

Of the hundred and one other sights to be seen at

a French fair, it would weary the reader to speak. It is the number of them, more than any peculiarity they have in character, that renders these scenes worthy of note, and that chiefly distinguishes them from similar occasions in our own country.*

LOSSES FROM WANT OF PROPER SANATORY REGULATIONS.

It is now perfectly well understood by persons who have investigated the subject, that there constantly exists in every large town an immense amount of human misery, arising from no other cause than a want of proper regulations as to general cleanliness, ventilation, and sewerage; or, as we might at once briefly express it, caused by *breathing foul air*. The fact is indeed indisputable, as far as there have been any inquiries on the subject; but to set the matter at rest, and to afford a proper basis for legislation, all the towns in Great Britain are now in course of being officially examined under the authority of a royal commission. To this sanatory inquiry we shall afterwards have ample opportunity of returning; in the mean time, in order to show what pecuniary losses ensue—laying all suffering out of the question—from the ravages of contagious diseases in large towns, we beg to lay before our readers the following interesting document. It is a letter from Dr Couper of Glasgow to E. Chadwick, Esq., Secretary to the Poor-Law Commissioners, describing how the losses publicly and privately incurred by diseases, which by proper measures could be prevented, are much greater than all the expenses that would be incurred to institute these measures.

"Glasgow, August 7, 1840.

SIR,—I have received yours of the 30th July, acknowledging receipt of my answers to your queries, and asking further for any proofs or illustrations that may occur to me in support of the proposition advanced by me, 'that proper sanitory measures would cost the public much less than is at present expended in treating the diseases and pauperism which the neglect of those measures occasions.' In reply I submit the following considerations:—

1. In the year 1836, which may be taken as an example, there were treated in the Glasgow Fever-House 3125 cases of fever, at an average expense of L.1, 10s. each, and at a total expense therefore to the public of L.4687, 10s.

Note.—In this estimate nothing is allowed for the cost of the Fever-House, which was erected a few years ago, at an expense to the public of more than L.6000.

2. Of the above number, 498 died, and of the latter at least three-fourths, or 373·5 must have been buried at the public charge, at an expense of 10s. each, or L.186, 15s.

3. During the same year, 716 pauper fever patients, exclusive of those sent to the Fever-House, were treated in their own houses, by the district surgeons, at an expense (including the salaries of the district surgeons, medicines, cordials, &c.) of, say, to the public, 2s. each, and at a total expense, therefore, of L.26, 13s. 6d.

4. Of the above-mentioned 716 patients, at least one-tenth, or seventy-one, must have died, and of the latter three-fourths, or 53·7, must have been buried at the public expense, at a charge of 10s. each, and at a total expense, therefore, of L.26, 13s. 6d.

Note.—This estimate of the proportion of paupers buried at public expense will not appear too great to any one who considers the fact stated in the Glasgow Mortality Bill for 1839, namely, that during that year 21·66 per cent. of all who died, of every class, in Glasgow, during that year, were buried at the public expense.

The above estimate, too, it is to be remarked, of paupers treated in their own houses, has reference to the burgh of Glasgow only, which contains considerably less than one-half of the whole population. The actual expense, therefore, under items 3 and 4, must have been more than double what is here stated.

5. Of the above-mentioned 3841 paupers, treated in the Fever-House and in their own houses together, each (including disease and convalescence) must, on an average, have been rendered unfit for work for six weeks. The loss thus sustained would, at 5s. per week, amount to L.5761, 10s.

6. Of the above 3841 paupers, many must have been heads of families, and their children and other dependants must have been supported at public expense during the six weeks' incapacity of their parents, &c. Of the 569 paupers who died, the children and other dependants must have become a more permanent burden on the public. It is impossible to estimate the amount, but it must have been considerable in the various shapes of increased poor-rates, police and bridewell assessments, contributions to charitable institutions, and private charity.

7. But in 1836 the total deaths from fever in Glasgow were 841; if from this number we deduct the 569 deaths occurring among paupers treated at the public expense as above, there remain 272 deaths occurring among persons who, it is to be presumed, were treated at their own expense. It is not probable that the mortality in that class would exceed one in ten, and therefore 272 deaths imply the existence of 2720 cases, which could scarcely be treated at a less expense for medical attendance, medicines, cordials, &c., than L.3 each, or double

the expense of a pauper in the Fever-House. The total expense, therefore, would be L.8160.

8. The funeral charges of the 272 persons of this class who died would amount, at L.2 each, to L.544.

9. But the 2720 persons treated at their own expense would, like the paupers, be rendered incapable of following their usual employment for a period averaging six weeks, and the value of their labour during that time would consequently be lost. The amount cannot be estimated, but that it must be great will be apparent, if it be recollect that this class begins with the poorest operative who can pay for his own medical treatment, and ends with the most opulent citizen of Glasgow, including between those extremes all sorts of artificers, shopmen, overseers, clerks, professional men, managers, and proprietors of manufacturing and mercantile establishments, in the cases of many of whom, an interruption of business for even one day is attended with serious pecuniary loss.

10. It would be taking a very limited view of the subject, to suppose that typhus fever is the only disease, the prevalence of which is materially increased by the neglect of sanitory measures. The case is the same with small-pox, measles, scarlet-fever, hooping-cough, dysentery, scrofula, and a multitude of anomalous affections, all of which operate in the same manner as typhus fever, although to a less extent, in occasioning pecuniary loss to the public.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that all the above estimates are merely approximations used to illustrate the opinion which I have advanced. The actual expenditure for a series of years under most of the above items could be ascertained by the committee now sitting at Glasgow, and I have no doubt it would, as to the year 1836, more often exceed than fall short of that above stated. The items estimated amount, it will be observed, to nearly L.20,000, and half as much more may be added for those which are not estimated. Believing as I do that this large amount of loss has been inflicted in a single year on the inhabitants of a single town, by diseases capable of being prevented, to a great extent, by sanitory measures, the cost of which would probably not amount to one-tenth of the estimated loss, I cannot help thinking, without reference to human suffering at all, that a law compelling the inhabitants to contribute to defray the expense of those sanitory measures would be desirable on the score of economy alone. I am, &c.

JOHN COUPER."

GOODWIN SANDS NOW MARKED BY A BEACON.

The large reef of sand on the coast of Kent, usually known by the name of the Goodwin Sands, and which has so frequently proved fatal to vessels during stormy weather, has at length been marked by a beacon of a remarkable kind. For the sake of mariners, we copy an account of the erection of the beacon from the newspapers of the day.

"The task, undertaken by Captain Bullock, of her Majesty's steamer Boxer, of erecting a safety beacon on the Goodwin Sands, about seven miles from the town of Deal, has been successfully accomplished, by which it is hoped to avert the dreadful loss of life by shipwreck which has so frequently occurred in that part of the British Channel. This object was accomplished under the superintendence of Captain Bullock and of Captain Boys, superintendent of the naval store department of Deal. The beacon they have succeeded in erecting consists of a column about forty feet above the level of the sea, having cleats and ropes attached to four of its sides, with holds for hands and feet. At the summit of the column is attached a gallery of hexagonal form, made of trellis work, and capable of holding twenty persons at one time. Above the gallery, and in continuation of the column, is a flagstaff ten feet long, thus making the entire beacon fifty feet in height. The sides of the gallery are so constructed as to enable the persons in it to be covered in with sailcloth, which is reefed in and round it, and can be used at pleasure; as also an awning to pass over it, which is fixed to the flagstaff; thus entirely protecting any unfortunate mariner who may seek shelter on the column from foul and tempestuous weather. A barrel of fresh water, together with a painted bag enclosing a flag of distress, is stationed on the gallery, and the words 'hoist the flag' painted in the languages of all nations on boards stationed round the inner part of the gallery, so that the foreigner as well as native seaman may be enabled to show a signal of distress, and obtain help from shore, which is about seven miles distant from the beacon. The means by which the beacon has been erected in so extraordinary a place as the Goodwin Sands, are as follow:—The foundation of the column is several feet below the surface of the sand, and is secured in the centre of a stout oak platform, extending from it on either side several yards. This is secured by upwards of two tons of pig-iron ballast being lashed to it. In addition to this, eight stout iron bars, each six feet long, are driven obliquely on each quarter of the column, and two also put at a distance of twelve feet on each quarter, and chains attached to them, communicating with the upper part of the column and the gallery. The sands for three or four hours during the tides are high and dry, and present a fine tract of level extending for several miles. Great numbers of visitors from Ramsgate and Deal attended the erection of this tribute to humanity. The indefatigable exertions of Captain Bullock, Captain Boyes, Lieutenants Gull and Bowes, and the other officers and men engaged in the undertaking, are deserving of the highest praise, they being compelled to work for several hours up to their knees in water."

* This sketch is abridged, with some slight alterations, from an article in the *Courrier de l'Europe*, a new French paper published in London.

Column for the Boys.

[From a pretty little work, "The Hartopp Jubilee; or Profit from Play," by Mrs S. C. Hall. Darton & Clark: London.]

THE SELFISH BOY.

"THERE was not a lad in the school where my early days were spent, who had a better allowance than Gilbert Lane; he was the only son of wealthy and respectable parents. They were possessed of at least three thousand a-year, as Gilbert well knew, and certainly were most generous to their petted son, who had never been contradicted in his life, before he came to school.

At Raby House school, we had only twelve boys; our master was an honest, upright man, as fond of discipline as your friend the village schoolmaster, and, like him, not at all disposed 'to spare the rod, and spoil the child.'

Gilbert was not only a very handsome, but a very clever boy; he would hit off in ten minutes what would take any other lad twenty; and his long curling hair, of a bright gold colour, flowing over his shoulders, his large grey eyes and brilliant complexion, gained him the name of 'The Beauty,' a distinction lads in my time were not ambitious to obtain. He certainly was handsome; and would have been very handsome, but for an expression of cunning which lurked in the more hidden corners of his face; and though his brow was fair, it was not open. Such was the first impression he made on me; but my father had always said, 'My dear son, if you conceive a prejudice against a person at first sight, always be ready to lay it down; if in his favour, cling to it as long as you can, for it is our duty to avoid impressions against our fellow-creatures.'

No boy in the school brought so many boxes with him to Raby House as Gilbert Lane; and two of the little lads discovered that one of the chests contained apples, oranges, and, it was to be supposed, cakes. Gilbert, at his father's request, had a small room appropriated to his own use; and we boys were not sorry for it, for we were very happy in our chamber, and disliked the idea of a stranger much. Our master gave us a holiday in honour of the new pupil's arrival, and little Henry and Caleb were full of expectation of a feast, which they hoped would make its appearance from Gilbert's chest. Such, however, was not the case; but when we retired to bed, Caleb's quick ear caught the sound of munch, munch, munch, from Gilbert's room. After the lights had been extinguished, he applied his little eye to the key-hole—a proceeding which I highly disapproved of—and saw this selfish boy sitting in the bright moonlight, surrounded by oranges, cakes, and confectionery of all kinds, and eating, first of one, then of another, in a manner which filled the little observer with shame.

'I never thought any one could be so greedy,' he exclaimed. 'What signifies his new clothes, and fine silver buckles and large bows, and beautiful curly hair, which we all admired so much, if he has a narrow heart—a heart,' added the little fellow, 'no bigger than my little finger. I suppose he will not let me fly his kite, or play with his playthings!' All this was said in a whisper, for we ought to have been asleep. The next morning we wondered if Gilbert would eat his breakfast; and it did not escape our observation, that kind Mrs Moreton, the doctor's wife, pressed him frequently to take his bread and butter, but without effect.

'Poor fellow, he is fretting for his parents,' said the good lady; 'but we boys knew he had already breakfasted.'

The very first day placed Gilbert Lane at the top of his class, and we saw that the new comer was a lad of no mean ability; but we also perceived that his selfishness was not confined to eating—he never then, or at any other time, gave a schoolmate the slightest assistance. If a word was missed, he was never the one to whisper it to the defaulter; he would never endeavour to screen a fault, or assist either a big or little boy out of a dilemma. He would stand by, and hear a fellow-pupil severely reprimanded for an occurrence which his kindness might have prevented, and he would even hear the reprimand with satisfaction.

'Gilbert,' I said to him one day—I was three years older than he—"Gilbert, you will never gain the hearts of boys or men, if you pursue this selfish course." 'I don't care,' was his answer, 'for either the one or the other; I shall have lots of money, and my own way.'

It would take hours to describe to you the various ramifications of his selfishness; but it frequently brought its own punishment, to the destruction of the ease and enjoyment he so dearly loved. Once, I remember, he ate as usual by himself so large a quantity of plum-cake, that he was confined to his room for more than a week; no one pitied him but little Caleb. The child would steal in during play-hours, read to Gilbert, or sit silently watching while he slept—drawing or withdrawing the curtains so as to shade his eyes from the light, and tending him as if he had been a brother; indeed, to this day, I can never think of Caleb without a thrill of happiness, for what he was in childhood so was he in manhood—a noble, disinterested fellow; still living respected and beloved by all to whom he is known. When Gilbert grew better, he treated his little friend with rather more consideration, but still nothing could tempt him to forego his own comfort. 'I will not lend you my pencil, Caleb,' I heard him say, 'because I may want it before you have done with it; and I must not be inconvenienced.' It was painful to see any boy so heartless.

One day a letter was given to the good doctor while we were at dinner, and I heard him say to his wife, 'I must not tell him suddenly.'

'There is no danger of wounding his feelings,' she replied; 'don't you see he is eating his dinner?' 'Master

Gilbert Lane,' said the doctor aloud, 'I am sorry to tell you that your mother is not well.' 'She has often colds at this season of the year, sir,' was the reply, and Gilbert went on finishing his roast beef. 'But she is seriously ill,' continued the doctor. 'Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for it,' and he laid down his knife and fork, after having delicately salted and eaten the last morsel. 'She is so ill, so very ill,' the master went on, evidently provoked at his coolness on such an occasion, 'that your father has sent the carriage for you; it is waiting at the entrance.' Gilbert turned a little pale, and half rose from his seat, as if to prepare for his departure; but the sight of his favourite pie, which was at that moment placed upon the table, made him waver in his determination—he stood uncertain how to act—the pie was cut—he resumed his seat—the boys murmured their disapprobation, and the master, fixing his eyes steadily upon him, said, 'Sir, your mother is dying, and the carriage is waiting.'

'Yes, sir; but if you are good enough to help me first, I shall be done in a minute!'

I shall never forget the groan of anger at this selfish heartlessness, which they had never imagined could be carried to such an extreme. Doctor Moreton's appreciation of the youth's talents had made him overlook several traits which unfortunately he considered of minor importance; for Gilbert had hardly taken the trouble to conceal his selfishness even from the doctor. If he had been placed with a master who considered greatness as *second* to goodness, I think the fault, instead of growing into a crime, might have been considerably decreased. The master was painfully shocked by this public display of wickedness, for such I must call it; and, with tears in his eyes, gave a reproof to him, and a lesson to us, which I never forgot: he said that the talent possessed by Master Lane made him the greater sinner, for that he was perfectly aware of the difference between good and evil. He drew tears even from the boy himself, who departed from the house with the dislike of all whose esteem, respect, and affection he must have commanded but for the ascendancy his besetting sin had obtained over him in every respect.

His mother, his too affectionate, too indulgent mother, died before his arrival. She had heard the sound of the carriage wheels in the court-yard; had extended her hand to meet his grasp; had turned the last light of her dying eyes towards the door; but the hand was stayed—the sight departed before he entered the room: two minutes sooner, he would have had her blessing!—that blessing he had lost in his anxiety—for what? a piece of pie!

Now, you must remember that this youth, this Gilbert Lane, possessed abilities of no common order; but he was intelligent, well-informed, and of graceful manners and address. But both his tutor and his father, and, above all, the servants, felt they were *only* company manners; and those immediately around him were perpetually subjected to annoyances which the residence of an intensely selfish person in a house is sure to create; his equals, when they became *intimates*, avoided him, and even his inferiors, if they obeyed his commands, spread the fame of his evil disposition over the country. Some tolerated him out of respect to his father, who, though a weak, was a kindly man; others because of his wealth, which is sure to command the outward attention of mean and grovelling minds; a few admired his abilities, but none loved Gilbert Lane for his own sake—for *his own sake* none loved him; and the experience of a long life has convinced me that it is necessary to the happiness of every living thing to be beloved: the meanest reptile that crawls the earth, however obnoxious it is to us, has something that loves it, a partner, or its own offspring, who see no deformity in the parent that cherishes their helplessness. Nothing, however, loved Gilbert Lane; the dogs that crouched round his feet, were so accustomed to feel his foot or the lash of his whip, when they inconvenienced him in the slightest degree, that they obeyed from fear. He had his own particular chairs, his favourite dishes, *his own* this, that, and the other, which no one was to interfere with; to his own father—his own kind, weak father, his once loving father—he had become a positive nuisance: what, then, must he have been to others? But Mr Lane could not continue in the state of discomfort to which his son had reduced him; he resolved to marry again; and when he communicated his determination to Gilbert, who was then about sixteen, his observation was 'Marry again, sir! you are not serious. Why, father, if you marry again, what is to become of me?'

It was my fate again to meet this selfish youth at Oxford. His beauty, and his great attainments, his anticipated wealth, won him distinction even there. But after a little time, that distinction was far more painful than pleasing.

'Lane could do this, and Lane could do that.' 'True—but he is so selfish!' was the invariable answer. Then, if a party was forming, 'Shall we ask Lane?' 'Oh, no, he spoils every thing, he is *so* selfish.'

In process of time his father had other children, and then came the rumour that Gilbert Lane's fortune would not be as large as was originally supposed. He knew this; and always alive to his own interests, obtained the hand of a very wealthy young lady, who, captivated by his beauty, and unacquainted with his previous character, consented, on a very short intimacy, to become his wife. She soon found that she was his victim; she became mother to five children, and died, I believe—if ever woman did—of a broken heart. Still he had plenty of riches; his children were admired—he liked whatever he had to be admired—but as they grew up, their feelings, their education, their advancement in life, were sacrificed to the selfishness of their father, and one by one they deserted him, all but one pale, patient girl, whom perhaps he had regarded the least of those whom God had given him.

Accustomed as he had been to indulge in what, I dare say, boys, you have heard called the 'pleasures of the table'—which are sure to bring *pains*—at an early age Gilbert Lane felt the tortures of the gout, and the agonies

of continued headaches; neither his wealth nor his talents could remove these, which he had brought upon himself. His father was still a robust old man, while he was a decrepit young one; and he had the additional mortification of knowing that his step-brothers and sisters would inherit whatever portion of his father's property he could leave them; not that he wanted, for, as I have told you before, his wife's fortune had been ample.

Hearing of his extreme suffering, I called to see him. The servant, of whom I inquired particularly the state of his health, did not show any sympathy about it: 'Master was as usual.' When I entered his room, it was crowded with all the luxuries, which in themselves are harmless and elegant, but, when unaccompanied by cheerfulness and content, show like flowers in a sepulchre. He was seated in an easy chair, his feet encased in flannels, and resting on a sofa; his features were bloated. At a little distance sat his pale, fair daughter, the youngest of his family; she was about fourteen, and had evidently been reading to him, though her eyes were red from weeping. Almost under her dress crouched a little spaniel; and a basket of grapes was upon a stand by his side. He seemed glad to see me, and I believe he was, for selfishness such as his has few visitors; but our conversation soon flagged; he knew I could not have forgotten his unpopularity at school, his unpopularity at college, and he seemed as one prepared to receive reproach, and extenuate his conduct.

He began by finding fault with his father, who still lived—told me long stories of his sons' ingratitude, which brought tears into the eyes of his patient child, and then he fell to reproaching her: 'She never loved him,' he said. 'He was sure she wished for other company; he hated tears, she knew he did, and yet she was always weeping.'

Twenty times in half an hour did he make the poor girl adjust his pillows, and arrange his footstool, talking all the time of the ingratitude of a world upon which he had never bestowed a single blessing; upbraiding his daughter, more than once, with performing those offices coldly, which at all events she performed with a sweet willingness that won my heart. Then he would call the little dog to him; and the creature, though it would fawn and crouch, would not go near him, at which he complained most bitterly. He had commenced life in the expectation that all should bow down to his will; and disappointed in this, his selfishness deepened into a rooted hatred of that world which he believed at war with him. He said he was sure he should not live to be old. I knew that death would ere long be busy in his dwelling, *but not with him*.

The selfishness that could keep a son from the bedside of a dying mother, and make him think only of himself when a daughter was about to be taken for ever from the domestic hearth, needs no comment of mine.

My next visit was to his dying daughter. She was indeed a sweet, unselfish child. 'Do come and see poor papa, when I am gone,' she said, 'and teach him to look to heaven, as you have now taught me; *for in this world there will be no one to love him*.'

"How shocking," observed Mark, "it must be, to have no one to love one—no friend, no one at all to love one," repeated the boy more than once. "How very desolate, how very miserable it must be; no one to love one! Oh, sir, when that dear young lady died, how wretched that bad gentleman must have been!" "He was certainly," answered the clergyman, "very wretched; and died about five years ago, more neglected than you can imagine; he sent for me a few hours before his death, but it was too fearful an end to describe to you. My dear boys, the outline I have given is sufficient to show you the blackness, worthlessness, and misery of a SELFISH SPIRIT."

There is no true happiness in this world," observed the good clergyman, "except in the discharge of our duties, be they what they may. We can only live with advantage to ourselves, in proportion as we perform our duty to others. And the peasant who brings up his family by hard but most honourable industry, deserves as much praise, and as much respect, too, in his sphere, as the prince who rules a province with wisdom and goodness."

WAR AND PEACE.

The national joyousness of war may exceed that of peace, but its joys are more fallacious, if not criminal. It is a period of exertion, of high excitement, in which a consciousness of internal maladies is forgotten in the death-struggle for foreign mastery. Moreover, it is a season of spending, waste, and reckless prodigality. It is a delirious state—intoxicated by victories, if successful—bursting into rage, or sinking into despondency, if defeated. Peace, on the contrary, is less obnoxious to extremes. It is a time of quiet, of reckoning up, saving, and forethought. The smallest evils that exist are felt; all that are impending are imagined and magnified. War affords a ready excuse for every disorder, every public privation, every remedial postponement; but peace is the ordeal of rulers. Public burdens are nicely weighed, and the pretext for their continuance scrutinised. Not only is the physical condition of the people considered, but their laws, religion, political rights, and even morals, become the common topics of investigation. There is leisure for every thing, as well as disengaged talent, energy, and enterprise. The troubles and entanglements of peace are mostly the bitter fruits of war; but the glories of war can only be won by dissipating the blessings peace has accumulated. —Wade's *British History*.

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